

# Eclectic Magazine.—Supplement.

MAY, 1899.

## READINGS FROM NEW BOOKS.

### "UNTO THE LEAST OF THESE."\*

I happened about this time to be acting as president of an insurance company on Canal street. Summer was coming in again. One hot, sunny day, when the wind was high and gusty, the secretary was remarking to me what sad ruin it might work if fire should start among the frame tenement cottages which made up so many neighborhoods that were destitute of water-mains, when right at our ear the gong sounded for just such a region, and presently engine after engine came thundering and smoking by our open windows. Fire had broken out in the street where Manouvrier's new house stood, four squares from that house, but straight to windward of it.

We knew only too well, without being there to witness, that our firemen would find nothing with which to fight the flames except a few shallow wells of surface-water and the wooden rain-water cisterns above ground, and that both these sources were almost worthless owing to a drouth. I seemed to see streets populous with the sensation-seeking crowd: sidewalks and alleys filled with bedding, chairs, bureaus, baskets of crockery and calico clothing with lamps spilling into them, cheap looking-glasses unexpectedly answering your eye with the boldness of an outcast girl, broken tables, pictures of the Virgin, overturned stoves, and all

the dear mantel-piece trash which but an hour before had been the pride of the toiling housewife, and the adornment of the laborer's home.

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I found the shop in St. Peter's street shut, and went on to the new residence. As I came near it, its beauty seemed to me to have consciously increased under the threatenings of destruction.

In the front gate stood the brother-in-law's widow, full of gestures and distressful smiles, as she leaned out with nervously folded arms and looked up and down the street. "Manouvrier? He is ad the fire since a whole hour. He will break his heart if dat fire ketch to dat 'ouse here. He cannot know 'ow 'tis in danger! Ah! sen' him word? I sen' him five time"—he sen' back I stay right there an' not touch nut'n! Ah! my God! I fine dat varrie te-deous, me, yass!"

"Is his wife with him?"

"Assuredly. You see, dey git 'fraid 'bout dat 'ouse of de Sister', you know?"

"No; where is it?"

"No? You dunno dat Hill 'ouse where de Sister' keep dose orphelin' ba-bee"—juz big-inning sinse 'bout two week' ago—round de corner—one square mo' down town—'alf square mo' nearer de swamp? Well, I think 'f you pass yondeh you fine Pastropbon."

Through smoke, under falling cinders, and by distracted and fleeing households I went. The moment I turned the second corner I espied the house. It was already half a square

\* From *Strong Hearts*. By George W. Cable. Charles Scribner's Sons, publishers. Price, \$1.25.

from the oncoming fire, but on the northern side of the street, just out of its probable track and not in great danger except from sparks. But it was old and roofed with shingles: a decrepit Creole cottage sitting under dense cedars in a tangle of rose and honeysuckle vines, and strangely beautified by a flood of smoke-dimmed yellow sunlight.

As I hurried forward, several men and boys came from the opposite direction at a run, and an engine followed them, jouncing and tilting across the sidewalk opposite to the little asylum, into a yard, to draw from a fresh well. Their leader was a sight that drew all eyes. He was coatless and hatless; his thin cotton shirt, with its sleeves rolled up to the elbows, was torn almost off his shaggy breast; his trousers were drenched with water, and a rude bandage round his head was soaked with blood. He carried an axe. The throng shut him from my sight, but I ran to the spot and saw him again standing before the engine horses, with his back close to their heads. A strong, high board fence shut them off from the ell, and against it stood the owner of the property, pale as death, guarding the precious water with a shotgun at full cock. I heard him say:

"The first fellow that touches this fence—"

But he did not finish. Quicker than his gun could flash and bang harmlessly in the air the man before him had dropped the axe and leaped upon him with the roar of a lion. The empty gun flew one way and its owner another, and almost before either struck the ground the axe was swinging and crashing into the fence.

As presently the engine rolled through the gap and shouting men backed her to the edge of the well, the big axeman paused to wipe the streaming sweat from his begrimed face with his arm. I clutched him.

"Manouvrier!"

A smile of recognition shone for an instant, and vanished as I added:

"Come to your own house! Come, you can't save it here!"

He turned a quick, wild look at the fire, seized me by the arm, and with a gaze of deepest gratitude, asked:

"You tryin' save her?"

"I'll do anything I can."

"Oh, dass right!" His face was full of mingled joy and pain. "You go yon-deh—mek yo' possible." We were hurrying to the street—"Oh, yass, faw God's sake go, mek yo' possible!"

"But, Manouvrier, you must come too! Where's your wife? The chief danger to your house isn't here, it's where the fire's between it and the wind."

His answer was a look of anguish. "Good God! my fran'. We come yon-deh so quickly as we can! But—*foudre tonnere!*—look that house here fill' with ba-bee! What we goin' do? Those Sister' can't climb on roof with bocket' wateh. You see I got half-dozen boy' up yon-deh; if I go 'way they dis-cend and run off at the fire, spark fall on roof an'—" his thumb flew out.

"Sparks! Heavens! Manouvrier, your house is in the path of the *flames*!"

The man flew at me and hung over me, his strong locks shaking, his great black fist uplifted, and the only tears in his eyes I ever saw there. "Dammession! She's not mine. I trade her to God faw these one! Go! tell him she's his; he kin burn her if he feel like!" He gave a half laugh, fresh witness of his distress, and went into the gate of the asylum.

I smiled—what could I do?—and was turning away, when I saw the chief of the fire department. It took but one moment to tell him my want, and in another he had put the cottage roof under the charge of four of his men, with instructions not to leave it till the danger was past of the house

burning. The engine near us had drawn the well dry and was coming away. He met it, pointed to where, beneath swirling billows of black smoke, the pretty gable of the taxidermist's house shone like a white sail against a thundercloud, gave orders and disappeared.

The street was filling with people. A row of cottages across the way was being emptied. The crackling flames were but half a square from Manouvrier's house. I called him once more to come. He waved his hand kindly to imply that he knew what I had done. He and his wife were in the Sisters' front garden walk, conversing eagerly with the Mother Superior. They neared the gate. Suddenly the Mother Superior went back, the lay-sister guarding the gate let the pair out and the three of us hurried off together.

We found ourselves now in the uproar and vortex of the struggle. Only at intervals could we take our attention from the turmoil that impeded or threatened us, to glance forward at the white gable or back—as Manouvrier persisted in doing—to the Sisters' cottage. Once I looked behind and noticed, what I was loath to tell, that the firemen on its roof had grown busy; but as I was about to risk the truth, the husband and wife, glancing at their own roof, in one breath groaned aloud. Its gleaming gable had begun to smoke.

"Ah! that good God have pity on us!" cried the wife, in tears; but as she started to run forward I caught her arm and bade her look again. A strong, white stream of water was falling on the smoking spot and it smoked no more.

The next minute, with scores of others, choking and blinded with the smoke, we were flying from the fire. The wind had turned.

"It is only a gust," I cried, "it will swing round again. We must turn the

next corner and reach the house from the far side." I glanced back to see why my companions lagged, and lo! they had vanished.

I reached the house just in time to save its front grounds from the invasion of the rabble. The wind had not turned back again. The brother-in-law's widow was offering prayers of thanksgiving. The cisterns were empty and the garden stood glistening in the afternoon sun like a May queen drenched in tears; but the lovely spot was saved.

I left its custodian at an upper window, looking out upon the fire, and started once more to find my friends. Half-way round to the Sisters' cottage I met them. With many others I stepped aside to make a clear way for the procession they headed. The sweet, clean wife bore in her arms an infant; the tattered, sooty, bloody-headed husband bore two; and after them, by pairs and hand in hand, with one gray sister in the rear, came a score or more of pink-frocked, motherless little girls. An amused rabble of children and lads hovered about the diminutive column, with leers and jests and happy antics; and the wife smiled foolishly and burned red with her embarrassment; but in the taxidermist's face shone an exaltation of soul greater than any I had ever seen. I felt too petty for such a moment, and hoped he would go by without seeing me; but he smiled an altogether new smile and said:

"My fran', God Almighty, he know a good bargain well as anybody!" I ran ahead, with no more shame of the crowd than Zaccheus of old. I threw open the gate, bounded up the steps and spread wide the door. In the hall, the widow, knowing naught of this, met me with wet eyes, crying:

"Ah! Ah! de 'ouse of de orphelin' is juz blaze up h-all over h-at once!" and hushed in amazement as the procession entered the gate.

P. T. B. MANOUVRIER,  
TAXIDERMIST.

When the fire was out the owner of that sign went back to his shop and to his work, and his wife sat by him sewing as before. But the orphans stayed in their new and better home. Two or three years ago the Sisters—the brother-in-law's widow is one of them—built a large addition behind;

but the house itself stands in the beauty in which it stood on that day of destruction, and my friend always leaves his work on balmy afternoons in time to go with his wife and see that pink procession, four times as long now as it was that day, march out the gate and down the street for its daily walk.

"Ah! Pastropbon, we got ba-bee enough presently, en't it?"

TRIALS OF A MAN OF LETTERS.\*

(Extract from a letter written by Petrarch to the Abbot of St. Benigno.)

I have just told you something of my condition and of my indefatigable brain, but I will tell you now an incident which may surprise you even more, and will at the same time prove the truth of what I have said. It happened at a time when, after a long period of neglect, I had just taken up my "Africa" again, and that with an ardor like that of the African sun itself. This is the task which, if anything will help me, I trust may some time moderate or assuage my insatiable thirst for work. One of my very dearest friends, seeing that I was almost done for with my immoderate toil, suddenly asked me to grant him a very simple favor. Although I was unaware of the nature of his request, I could not refuse one who I knew would ask nothing except in the friendliest spirit. He thereupon demanded the key of my cabinet. I gave it to him, wondering what he would do, when he proceeded to gather together and lock up carefully all my books and writing materials. Then, turning away, he prescribed ten days

of rest, and ordered me, in view of my promise, neither to read nor write during that time. I saw his trick; to him I now seemed to be resting, although in reality I felt as if I were bound hand and foot. That day passed wearily, seeming as long as a year. The next day I had a headache from morning till night. The third day dawned and I began to feel the first signs of fever, when my friend returned, and seeing my plight, gave me back my keys. I quickly recovered, and seeing that I lived on work, as he expressed it, he never repeated his request.

Is it then true that this disease of writing, like other malignant disorders, is, as the Satirist claims, incurable, and, as I begin to fear, contagious as well? How many, do you reckon, have caught it from me? Within our memory, it was rare enough for people to write verses. But now there is no one who does not write them: few indeed write anything else. Some think that the fault, so far as our contemporaries are concerned, is largely mine. I have heard this from many, but I solemnly declare, as I hope some time to be granted immunity from the other ills of the soul—for I look for more from

\* From Petrarch: *The First Modern Scholar and Man of Letters*. By James Harvey Robinson, with the collaboration of Henry Winchester Rolfe. G. P. Putnam's Sons, publishers.

this—that I am now at last suddenly awokened for the first time by warning signs to a consciousness that this may perhaps be true; while intent only upon my own welfare, I may have been unwittingly injuring, at the same time, myself and others. I fear that the reproaches of an aged father, who unexpectedly came to me, with a long face and almost in tears, may not be without foundation. "While I," he said, "have always honored your name, see the return you make in compassing the ruin of my only son." I stood for a time in embarrassed silence, for the age of the man and the expression of his face, which told of great sorrow, went to my heart. Then, recovering myself, I replied, as was quite true, that I was unacquainted either with him or his son. "What matters it," the old man answered, "whether you know him or not. He certainly knows you. I have spent a great deal in providing instruction for him in the civil law, but he declares that he wishes to follow in your footsteps. My fondest hopes have been disappointed, and I presume that he will never be either a lawyer or a poet." At this neither I nor the others present could refrain from laughter, and he went off none the better humored. But now I recognize that this merriment was ill-timed, and that the poor old man deserved our consolation, for his complaints and his reproaches were not ungrounded. Our sons formerly employed themselves in preparing such papers as might be useful to themselves or their friends, relating to family affairs, business, or the wordy din of the courts. Now we are all engaged in the same occupation, and it is literally true, as Horace says, "Learned or unlearned, we are all writing verses alike."

It is after all but a poor consolation to have companions in misery. I should prefer to be ill by myself. Now I am involved in others' ill-fortune as

well as in my own, and am hardly given time to take breath. For every day letters and poems from every corner of our land come showering down upon my devoted head. Nor does this satisfy my foreign friends. I am overwhelmed by floods of missives, no longer from France alone, but from Greece, from Germany, from England. I am unable to judge even my own work, and yet I am called upon to be the universal critic of others. Were I to answer the requests in detail, I should be the busiest of mortals. If I condemn the composition, I am a jealous carper at the good work of others; if I say a good word for the thing, it is attributed to a mendacious desire to be agreeable; if I keep silence altogether, it is because I am a rude, pert fellow. They are afraid, I infer, that my disease will not make way with me promptly enough. Between their goading and my own madness I shall doubtless gratify their wishes.

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I am in a rage if I stay at home, and yet hardly dare nowadays to venture into the street. If I do, wild fellows rush up from every side and seize upon me, asking advice, giving me suggestions, disputing and fighting among themselves. They discover meanings in the poets of which the Mantuan shepherd, or the old blind man of Meonia, never dreamed. I became more and more irritated, and at last begin to fear I may be dragged off before a magistrate for breaking the peace.

But how I am running on! I have spun a whole letter out of mere trifles. I have just arrived here,<sup>1</sup> and will await you as long as I possibly can. I know not whether it be that the air here renders the mind less susceptible to foreign impressions, or whether this "closed valley" does, as its name indicates, shut out alien preoccupations, but certain it is that, although I have

<sup>1</sup> At Vaucluse.

from my earliest manhood spent many years here, none of the inhabitants have yet become poets through contagious contact with me, with the sole exception of one of my farm-hands. Although advanced in years he, as Persius hath it, is beginning to dream on

the two-peaked Parnassus. If the disease spreads I am undone. Shepherds, fishermen, hunters, ploughboys,—all would be carried away, even the cows would low in numbers and ruminant sonnets. Do not forget me. Farewell.

#### KINSMEN.\*

The feast went off capitally. Music, singing, the clinking of glasses, and merry discourse were mingled together into a joyous hubbub. There was not a single guest who, so long as he still had full possession of his tongue, did not call down blessings on the head of the master of the house. And he, too, was in an excellent humor, and his face beamed, though he drank far less wine than usual. Evening had now fallen. The heydukes brought in large candelabras, the clinkling of glasses went on uninterruptedly. At that moment the rumbling of a carriage was audible in the court-yard.

The fiscal had returned from his mission—but alone.

Master Jock sank back dejectedly in his chair when he learnt from the mouth of the messenger that Abellino really could not come, because he was sick: but he had sent what he promised, all the same—a birthday gift to his dear uncle, with the hearty wish that he might find his greatest joy therein.

It was as much as six strapping fellows could do to bring in the long box which contained the birthday gift, and they hauled it on to the table so that all the guests might see it.

The four ends of the box were fastened down by strong iron clamps, and

these had to be removed with the aid of strong pliers.

What could there be in this box? The guests laid their heads together about it, but not one of them could guess.

Suddenly all four clamps burst asunder, the four sides of the box fell aside in four different directions, and there on the table stood—a covered coffin!

A cry of indignation resounded from every corner of the room.

A pretty present for a seventieth birthday! A black coffin covered with a velvet pall: at the head of it the ancient escutcheon of the Kárpáthy family, and on the side, picked out with large silver nails, the name—J-o-h-n Ká-r-pá-th-y.

Horror sealed every mouth, only a wall of grief was audible—a heavy, sobbing cry, like that of a wild beast stricken to the heart. It came from the lips of old John Kárpáthy, who had thus been so cruelly derided. When he beheld the coffin, when he read his own name upon it, he had leaped from his chair, stretched out his arms, his face the while distorted by a hideous grin, and those who watched him beheld his features gradually turning a dreadful blue. It was plain, from the trembling of his lips, that he wanted to say something; but the only sound that came from them was a long-drawn-out, painful rattle. Then he raised his hands to heaven, and suddenly striking his forehead with his two

\* From *A Hungarian Nabob*. By Dr. Maurus Jokai. Translated by R. Nisbet Bain. Doubleday and McClure Company, publishers. Price, \$1.25.

fists, sank back into his chair with wide-open, staring eyes.

The blood froze in the veins of all who saw the sight. For a few moments nobody stirred. But then a wild hubbub arose among the guests, and while some of them rushed towards the magnate and helped to carry him to bed, others went to fetch the doctors. The coffin had already been removed from the table.

The terrified army of guests was not long in scattering in every direction. Late that night all the roads leading from the castle of Kárpáthy were thronged with coaches speeding onwards at a gallop. Terror and Hope were the only guests left behind in the castle itself. But the rockets still continued to mount aloft from the blazing fireworks and write the name "Kárpáthy" in the sky in gigantic fiery letters visible from afar.

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Now, what more natural than that the mob of breathless, departing guests should lose no time in presenting their respects, and paying their court to the heir-presumptive of the vast possessions of the Kárpáthy family, his Honor Abellino Kárpáthy?

They had all seen John Kárpáthy sink back in his chair, stricken by apoplexy. He had not died on the spot, it is true; yet he was as good as dead, anyhow, and there were many who carried their friendly sympathy with his highly respected nephew so far as to urge him vehemently to hasten at once—yes, that very night—to Kárpátfalva, take possession and seal up everything, to prevent any surreptitious filching of his property. But the young Squire was suspicious of all premature rumors, and resolved to bide his time, await more reliable information, and only put in an appearance on receiving news of the funeral. Early next morning the Dean arrived to greet him. The very reverend gentleman had remained

behind at Kárpátfalva last of all, in order to make sure that Master Jock really signed the codicil in favor of the college in which he was interested. He brought the melancholy intelligence that the old gentleman had not indeed actually given up the ghost, but was certainly very near the last gasp, inasmuch as it was now quite impossible to exchange a reasonable word with him, which signified that the Dean had been unable to get him to subscribe the codicil.

The Dean was followed the same day by a number of agents and stewards attached to the Kárpáthy domains, who hastened to introduce themselves to his Excellency, the heir and their future patron. They brought still further particulars of the bodily condition of the expiring head of the family. A village barber had bled him, whereupon he had somewhat recovered his senses. They had then proposed to send for a doctor, but he had threatened to shoot the man down if he crossed his threshold. The barber was to remain, however. He had more confidence in him, he said, because he would not dare to kill him. He would take no medicine, nor would he see a soul, and Mike Kis was the only person who had admittance to his room. But he could not possibly last longer than early to-morrow morning, of that they were all quite certain.

Abellino regarded the appearance of the agents and stewards as of very good augury: it showed that they already regarded him as their master, to whom homage was justly due. On the following day a whole host of managers, cashiers, scribes, shepherds, tenants, and other small fry arrived to recommend themselves to Abellino's favor. The moments of their old master, they said, were most assuredly numbered. None of them could promise him so much as another day of life.

On the third day the heydukes and

doorkeepers also migrated over in a body to Abellino, who began to be exasperated at so much flattery. So he spoke to them curtly enough, and on learning from them that henceforth they would regard him as their earthly Providence, inasmuch as his uncle was by this time drawing his last breath, he suddenly announced that he was about to introduce a series of radical reforms among the domestics attached to the Kárpáthy estate, the first of which was that every male servant who wore a moustache was to instantly extirpate it as an indecent excrescence. The stewards and factors obeyed incontinently, only one or two of the heydukes refused to make themselves hideous; but when he began to promise the lower servants also four imperial ducats a head if they did their duty, they also proceeded to snip off what they had hitherto most carefully cherished for years and years.

On the fourth day, of all his good friends, officials, domestics, and buffoons, Mike Kis, Martin the former Whitsun King, Master Varga the estate agent, Palko the old heyduke, and Vidra the gypsy, were the only persons who remained with John Kárpáthy as he stood at Death's ferry. Even the poet Gyárfás had deserted him, and hastened to congratulate the new patron.

On the fifth day there was nobody to bring away tidings from Kárpáthy Castle: perchance they were already engaged in burying the unfortunate wretch.

On the sixth day, however, a horseman galloped into Abellino's courtyard, whom they immediately recognized as Martin.

As he dismounted from his horse the steward of the Pukkancs estate, one of the first deserters, looked down from the tower, and, smiling broadly, cried out to him—

"Well, so you have come, too, eh,

Martin, my son? What news from Kárpátfalva?"

He had come, of course, to invite the gentlemen to the funeral. That was the most natural supposition.

"I have brought a letter to you, Mr. Bailiff," said Martin, nonchalantly; and to the great disgust of the steward, he did not even doff his cap before Abellino, who was standing on the balcony.

"Look to your cap, you bumpkin! Why don't you doff it, sirrah? Who sent this letter?"

At the first question Martin only shrugged his shoulders; in answer to the second he replied that the steward of the estate had given it to him.

The bailiff broke open the letter, and green wheels danced before his eyes as he peered into it. The letter, which was in old John Kárpáthy's own handwriting, begged to inform the bailiffs, heydukes, and domestics assembled round Abellino that he had so far recovered as to be able to rise from his bed and write them a letter, and that he was very glad to hear that they had found so much better a master than himself, for which reason he advised them to remain where they were, for on no account were they to think of coming back to him.

The bailiff pulled the sort of face a man would naturally have who was compelled to make merry on a diet of crab-apples, and as he had no desire to keep the joyful intelligence all to himself, he passed the letter on from hand to hand amongst his colleagues, the other bailiffs, factors, doorkeepers, shepherds, scribes, and heydukes, till it had gone the round of them all. Under similar circumstances men often find a great consolation in twirling their moustaches; but now, alas; there was not a single moustache to twirl among the lot of them. They had neither places nor moustaches left. Some of them scratched their heads, some burst

into tears, others cursed and swore.  
In their first fury they knew not which  
to turn upon first, Abellino for not in-  
heriting, or Master Jock for not dying  
as he ought to have done. To make  
such fools of so many innocent men!  
It was scandalous!

Abellino was the last to whom, with

tearful faces, they carried the glad tid-  
ings. The philosophical youth, who  
happened at that moment to be sipp-  
ing an egg beaten up in his tea, re-  
ceived the intelligence with the utmost  
*sang-froid.*

"*Enfin!*" cried he, "I verily believe  
the old chap means to live forever!"

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## RECENT AMERICAN VERSE.

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### A SONG OF THREE SEASONS.\*

When the smell from off the Sea is the best of things that be,  
And the nackered Night lies ready for a kiss:  
When the Rose's crimson choir chants the treble of desire  
To the distance-sifted violings of bliss:  
When Delight is a flashing pageantry:  
This is the Time of Life to Be.

For this is the Time to Be, my lads:  
Here's a cup to the Time to Be.  
And here's to a rout with a hoyden star,  
For the heart is moored to a moonbeam bar,  
Toss it off—to the Time to Be.

When the Fates from out their path turn the phials of their  
wrath,  
And the Sturdy get a buffet from behind:  
When we know that gins are laid, and in silent ambuscade  
They are marshalling—the Demons and their kind:  
When the stars seem strange that once we knew:  
This is the Time of Life to Do.

Yes! this is the Time to Do, Strong Hearts,  
In silence—the Time to Do.  
Here's the teeth set firm and the long sword bared,  
With never a thought how the Others fared—  
Glass up now—the Time to Do!

When we huddle to the fire and watch them piling higher  
The last feeble sand-lees in the glass:

\* From *Songs of Good Fighting*. By Eugene R. White. Lamson, Wolff & Co  
publishers. Price, \$1.00.

When the rabble crowds without, with a jostle and a shout,  
 Are singing of Life's largesse as they pass:  
 When the Wind has blurred the trail through the snow:  
 This is the Time of Life to Know.

Ah, this is the Time to Know, Old Friend,  
 Will ye pledge it—the Time to Know?  
 For the shrouded minutes are ticking short,  
 And a lone dog howls in the Inner Court—  
 Here's a last one—the Time to Know!

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#### THE TARTAR.\*

The wind from East to South has shifted,  
 The Sea's gone down and the clouds are rifted,  
 And broad on the larboard bow are seen  
 A full-rigged ship and a brigantine,  
 With a topsail schooner in between—  
 All bound to London Town.

The ship with a golden freight is freighted,  
 The old brigantine with coal is weighted,  
 The schooner's a slippery privateer,  
 With roguish rig and a saucy sheer—  
 Her cargo is guns and hearts of cheer—  
 All bound to London Town.

A Frenchman out of old Brest is cruising,  
 "A chance," says he, "there's no refusing.  
 I will drive that privateer away:  
 The ship and the brig will be my prey,  
 For we don't meet prizes every day—  
 All bound to London Town."

Then, crowding sail, on the wind he hurried:  
 The ship and the brig they worried and scurried.  
 The privateer, with her canvas short,  
 Just showed a muzzle at every port,  
 For she'd a crew of the fighting sort—  
 When bound to London Town.

The Frenchman tacked the weather gauge after:  
 The privateer cut the sea abaft her:  
 Before she had time to ease a turn

\* From *Songs of Sea and Sail*. By Thomas Fleming Day. The Rudder Publishing Company.

They drove a broadside into her stern,  
For fighting's a trade one's apt to learn—  
When bound to London Town.

Then side by side with their guns they pounded,  
Till catching a puff the schooner rounded,  
And ere they had way to do the like,  
She laid them aboard with blade and pike,  
So what could the Brestman do but strike—  
And go to London Town?

The wind from East to the South has shifted,  
The sea's gone down and the clouds are rifted,  
And broad on the larboard bow are seen  
A privateer and a brigantine,  
With a captured Frenchman in between—  
All bound to London Town.

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## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

The title of Prince Kropotkin's forthcoming contribution to the science of economics is "Fields, Factories and Workshops."

A new and enlarged edition of James L. Ford's clever book, "The Literary Shop," is promised by the Frederick A. Stokes Company.

"The Autobiography and Letters of Mrs. Oliphant," edited by Mrs. Coghill, will be published immediately by the Blackwoods.

An elaborate treatise on "The Religion of Shakespeare" is promised from the pen of Father Sebastian Bowden, of the Brompton Oratory.

The fifth volume of Prof. McMaster's "History of the People of the United States" is nearly ready from the press of D. Appleton & Co. It covers the period from 1821 to 1837.

Lilly Dougall's "The Mormon Proph-

et" (D. Appleton & Co. publishers) is an historical novel, in which the chief interest attaches to the striking portraiture of the character of Joseph Smith.

The Macmillans promise a compact one-volume edition of the Memoir of Lord Tennyson, at a price which will doubtless put it into the hands of thousands of readers to whom the price of the earlier edition was prohibitive.

Mr. George W. Cable's "Strong Hearts" will be welcomed with eager interest by all who recall Mr. Cable's earlier stories of Creole life, and who regret that he has not written more of late years. Mr. Cable's book contains three novelettes of life in New Orleans, and it is published by the Scribners.

The English literary papers are indulging in a little quiet mirth over the fact that the gifted young author of "Via Lucis," who, according to her publisher's advance announcements,

proposed to immure herself in a convent before the book was published, has so far revised her purpose as to become the bride of her publisher.

That an American writer, even though previously little known, is sometimes quickly taken up in England, is shown by the fact that seven English publishers are issuing editions of Mr. C. M. Sheldon's little volume, "In His Steps."

Mr. Morley tells his constituents that his work on the Life of Mr. Gladstone will not lessen his attention to parliamentary affairs; but the fact is recalled that the volume on Chatham, which Mr. Morley promised for the series of Twelve English Statesmen ten years ago is still unwritten, and the series therefore a misnomer, as it contains and is likely to contain only eleven volumes, unless some other biographer is secured for Chatham.

Among the foremost of those who in the last half-century have been widely known as preachers of the old religion of India, the religion founded on the Veda, was the recluse who is the subject of Prof. F. Max Müller's latest book, which bears the title "Rāma-krishna: His Life and Sayings." This biography is an appreciative study of a most peculiar life, and it purports to have been written for the special enlightenment of statesmen, missionaries and students of philosophy. (Charles Scribner's Sons, publishers).

Mr. Hornung's story of "The Amateur Cracksman," of which Charles Scribner's Sons are the American publishers, is almost as ingenious and exciting as the Sherlock Holmes stories, with this difference: that the book is written from the point of view, not of the clever detective, but of the highly accomplished criminal, whose dashing

career might exercise a dangerous fascination if it were taken as an example.

A rash critic in *The Academy* announced the other day of "John Halifax, Gentleman" that "It is dead, and its destiny is limbo." Thereupon the English publishers of Mrs. Craik's books announced that their sales of "John Halifax" last year reached 24,190 copies. There are a good many modern-day novels which their authors and publishers would be pleased to see so much alive as that.

A critical quatrain, exalting Poe and depreciating other American poets, has been widely circulated in this country, credited to Austin Dobson. The *Athenaeum* announces on Mr. Dobson's authority that the quatrain is a forgery, of the origin of which he knows nothing. Rather oddly, *The Academy* of the same date with the number of *The Athenaeum* containing this disclaimer, printed the quatrain itself, still credited to Mr. Dobson.

It will surprise most people to learn that there are half a million people in the United States who speak the Yiddish language, and that there is a considerable literature in this language worthy the attention of the literary historian. Professor Leo Wiener's "The History of Yiddish Literature in the Nineteenth Century," which the Scribners have in press, will give some examples of this literature, which is reputed to be especially strong in poetry and the drama.

The literary critic of *The New York Commercial Advertiser* comments upon the fashion of recent writers of borrowing titles from *The Rubáiyát*. For example, there is Mr. Le Gallienne's "If I Were God;" Kate Jordan's novel "A Circle in the Sand," recently pub-

lished by Lamson, Wolfe & Co.; and a novelette entitled "And Then Came Spring," which E. Herrick & Co. have in press.

A correspondent of Notes and Queries, upon whose hands, it would seem, time must have hung heavily, has made a laborious calculation of the number of lines, words and letters in each of Shakespeare's plays. The shortest is the "Comedy of Errors," with 14,438 words; then come "The Tempest," "Macbeth," the "Midsummer Night's Dream," and "Two Gentlemen of Verona," with from 16,000 to 17,000 words each. The longest is "Hamlet," with 3,930 lines and 29,492 words, and 120,050 letters.

Dr. Conan Doyle's latest novel "A Duet, with an Occasional Chorus" (D. Appleton & Co., publishers), is neither in the Sherlock-Holmes vein, nor of the historical-romance type. It is an attempt to portray married life, and to describe the humors and incidents of the domestic experiences of a young couple of the middle class. This is rather hazardous ground, and there will be curiosity to see how Dr. Doyle succeeds in his enterprise.

The Spectator, commenting on the general excellence of the Temple Classics and suggesting certain volumes which might fittingly be added to them, says:

Lastly, as true examples of classical English in the best sense, we would have a volume of Abraham Lincoln's letters and speeches. Mr. Lincoln's use of our language has never been surpassed by any English-speaking statesman. He had dignity, vigor, and passion in the highest degree, and yet he was never pompous, forced, or theatrical.

The London Daily News tells a pleasing story of a Town Council which, sit-

ting in committee as the Burial Board, to improve proposed inscriptions on grave-stones, considered the application of the friends of a deceased person to have four lines from Tennyson inscribed on the stone. The clerk duly read the following from "Crossing the Bar:"

Sunset and evening star,  
And one clear call for me:  
And may there be no moaning of the  
bar  
When I put out to sea.

A Councillor said: "I object. That's what I call doggerel;" and the Council ruled it out.

A correspondent of The Westminster Gazette has found this interesting parallel between a passage in Mr. Browning's first love letter to his wife, January 10, 1848, and two stanzas of his poem "By the Fireside," written much later:

You were too unwell, and now it is years ago, and I feel as at some untoward passage in my travels, as if I had been close, so close, to some world's-wonder in chapel or crypt, *only a screen to push* and I might have entered, but there was some slight, so it seems, *slight and just sufficient bar* to admission, and the half-opened door shut, and I went home my thousands of miles and the sight was never to be.  
Had she willed it, still had stood the screen,  
So slight, so sure 'twixt my love and her.  
I could fix her face with a guard between,  
And find her soul as when friends confer—  
Friends, lovers that might have been.  
And, again, a few lines below:  
A moment after and hands unseen  
Were hanging the night around us fast,  
But we knew that a bar was broken  
between  
Life and life, we were mixed at last,  
In spite of the mortal screen.

## BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

- African Sun, Under the.** By W. J. An-sorge, M.D., LL. D., etc. Wm. Heinemann, publisher.
- All Sorts and Conditions of Women.** By Charles Burt Banks. Elliot Stock, publisher.
- Armorial Families:** a Directory of Some Gentlemen of Coat Armor, Showing Which Arms in use at the Moment are Borne by Legal Authority. Compiled and Edited by Arthur Charles Fox-Davies. T. C. and L. C. Jack, publishers.
- Bacteriology, The Principles of.** By Dr. Ferdinand Huppe. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co., publishers.
- Brain-Machine, The: Its Power and Weakness.** By Sir George Nichols, K. C. B. J. and A. Churchill, publishers.
- Cathedrals, English, Illustrated.** By Francis Bond, M.A. G. Newnes, publisher.
- Cuba, In, with Shafter.** By John D. Miley. Charles Scribner's Sons, publishers. Price \$1.50.
- Dale, R. W., of Birmingham, The Life of.** By his Son. Hodder & Stoughton, publishers.
- Dear Irish Girl, The.** By Katharine Tynan. Smith, Elder & Co., publishers.
- Down the Stream of Civilization.** By Wordsworth Donisthorpe. George Newnes (Limited), publishers.
- Epistle to the Hebrews, Theology of the.** By George Milligan. T. & T. Clark, publishers.
- Everglades, Across the: A Canoe Journey of Exploration.** By Hugh L. Willoughby. J. M. Dent & Company, publishers.
- Ferrier, Susan, Memoir of.** By John A. Doyle. John Murray, publisher.
- Foreign Courts and Foreign Homes.** By A. M. F. Longmans & Co., publishers.
- Heather Field, The, and Maeve.** Duckworth & Co., publishers.
- Hungarian Nabob, A.** By Dr. Maurus Jokai. Translated by R. Nisbet Bain. Doubleday & McClure Company, publishers. Price \$1.25.
- Joubert: A Selection from his Thoughts.** Translated by Katherine Lyttleton. With a Preface by Mrs. Humphry Ward. Duckworth & Co., publishers.
- London Government.** By Frederick Whelen. Grant Richards, publisher.
- Morland, George.** By J. T. Nettleship. Portfolio Series. Seeley & Co., publishers.
- New Leviathan, The: or, The World at Peace.** By J. A. Farrer. Elliot Stock, publisher.
- Peking, From, to Petersburg.** By Arnot Reid. Edward Arnold, publisher.
- Rāmakrishna, his Life and Sayings.** By the Right Hon. F. Max Muller, K. M. Charles Scribner's Sons, publishers. Price \$1.50.
- Religion, Four Key-Words of.** By William Reed Huntington, D. D. Thomas Whittaker, publisher. Cloth, 50 cents, paper, 25 cents.
- Round the World on a Wheel.** By John Foster Fraser. Methuen & Co., publishers.
- Sermons for Christian Seasons.** By J. H. Bernard, D.D. Hodder & Stoughton, publishers.
- Song of the Golden Bough, The: and Other Poems.** By Caryl Battersby. Archibald Constable, publisher.
- Songs of Sea and Sail.** By Thomas Fleming Day. The Rudder Publishing Company.
- Strong Hearts.** By George W. Cable. Charles Scribner's Sons, publishers. Price \$1.25.
- Trente et Quarante.** By Edmond About. Edward Arnold, publisher.
- Veteran, a, The Autobiography of.** By General Count Enrico della Rocca. Translated by Janet Ross. T. Fisher Unwin, publisher.
- Window in Paris, A.** By Marianne Farningham. James Clarke & Co., publishers.

